



Published by the Press Publishing Company.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 21.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING WORLD.

(including Postage.)

PER MONTH.....30c

PER YEAR.....\$3.50

VOL. 30.....NO. 10,259

Entered at the Post Office, New York as second-class matter.

88th BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN, OFFICE—1207 BROADWAY, be-
tween 81st and 82nd sts., New York.
BROOKLYN—250 FULTON ST., HARLEM—News
Department, 150 East 125th st.; Advertisements,
121 East 125th st. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—
LYNN BUILDINGS, 112 South St. WASHINGTON,
D. C.—10 14th St.
LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKER ST., TRAFALGAR
SQUARE.

THE FIRST TO PROCLAIM IT.

The EVENING WORLD gets the news, gets it first hand, gets it easily, and gets it straight. The latest illustration of its superiority over other afternoon papers was its announcement Thursday, hours ahead of every one, of the Site Committee's choice of the Central Park site for the World's Fair. By having the news early THE EVENING WORLD was enabled to supplement its story with an accurate man showing the exact location and extent of the territory decided upon.

It was a great, big, first-class "heat." Later editions of the other papers, taking their knowledge from THE EVENING WORLD, made tardy announcements of what the Committee had done.

That is all right. This paper has no objection to being a pioneer in the matter of news. It is willing its neighbors should make use of its columns to patch up the gap, and deficiencies in their news service, and make their late editions at least in a measure worth reading, but it wants the name as well as the game.

We lead. Let who will follow.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

The Cigar-Makers' International Union makes for a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of cigarettes, putting the demand on hygienic and humanitarian grounds. It may be, as they say, that the cigarette has demoralized the youth of the land, undermined their health and made them unfit for much of anything. But it has supported an army of girls and cultivated the public taste for art as well as nicotine.

It has made a new diversion for the small boy with its pictures. It has advertised a lot of good people, athletes, actors, and the rest. And last, but not least, it has given ANTHONY COMSTOCK and kindred fanatics a thing or two to think and prattle about.

Have cigars done more, except to come money?

A PRESS THAT WON'T BE SILENCED.

Minnesota's beautifully constitutional effort to trammel the press seems happily to meet with small success. The second hanging under the new law, which forbids the presence of reporters and the publication of any description of the execution, took place at St. Paul yesterday.

The newspapers in the Twin Cities all had stories of the event, just as if the absurd statute had not existed. That law is as it deserves to be, not only a dead-letter, but a still-born one.

The execution of any punishment under the law is the action of the people, though its servants be the instruments, and the people have a right to know in what manner that action is performed.

NEW AND FANCIFUL.

Very pretty knives and forks for dessert and fruit courses have handles of Cupid-queen ware. The blades of steel are finished with a gold plate warranted to last three years and which can be renewed at small cost. Individual butter-knives of this sort are very much used.

Aesopian bows made of sash-ribbon in some neutral that are seen on chair backs in lieu of titles.

A pleasing whim is the introduction of a china pitcher to the parlor or sitting-room for the reception of tall sprays of gladioli and the gorgeous dahlias. Greek and Egyptian forms may be had in yellow, maroon or blue porcelain, and aside from service they are quite as lovely as the vases.

French underwear is the fancy of the hour. Everything is trimmed with Valenciennes lace and over the hem and through the insertions ribbons of coral, aubusine-green, canco-pink, and turquoise blue are run and tied in many little bouquets. These confusions are an eighth of an inch wide, made in fast colors and laundered with the garment.

In one of the linen shops up town the books of the firm contain the names of thousands of women who have their handkerchiefs made to order. Samples of lace, linen, batiste and muslin are shown the customer, who, if she wishes, can have the work of several pieces reduced in each dainty napkin.

For \$2 you can have a lace-edge, wavy, lace-square of lace just fit for a lingerie. Among the names on the list register are Mrs. E. Garrison, Mrs. J. McKeon, Mrs. Wm. Belmont, Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Crozer, Cleveland, Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. John A. Logan and Julian Russell.

Small cluster rings for the little fingers were never so fashionable as now. First choice is the marquise of diamonds, a semi-sapphire or ruby for the heart, and then comes the serpent ring with two or three heads and a different jewel in each.

Serviette cut peaches on a slice of banana ice-cream, and dash an ounce of Maraschino punch over the dish if you want a toothsome, novel finish for your dinner.

FANCIES.

A New York seller of fishing tackle has just failed. This reverses things somewhat. It is usually the man who buys it that makes the failure.

What's this about Boston's oysters getting tough? Will the enterprising permit the "Massachusetts Bay" to be dropped from the swell menu?

A Cedar Falls man tried yesterday to take his possessions out of the world with him. He set fire to his house, and when the flames got well under way around him killed himself with a load of duck-shot.

Mr. Snyder, of Columbus, Ind., wants the courts to declare his wife insane. She has just given \$20,000 to two ministers against his wishes.

Gynecologist Tait, of London, says that he thinks the Whitechapel murders were committed by "a lunatic woman" employed in a slaughter-house and subject to fits of epileptic fury." This is startling information about English slaughter-house employees.

Reindeer, oh, deer when the days
Are short and the nights are long;
When you're in the solar rays;
Man-sight for Summer's termination.

With not the frigid Winter night—
That tingles ears and reddens nose;
For ice-cream does not come so quick;
As single rides, balls and hot-house roses.

—Boston Courier.

When you go to commit a murder leave your wheelbarrow at home. A New Jersey man did it and blood stains found upon it may lead to his conviction.

"Step out of Politics or Leave Town," was the notice Capt. Piepers of Norwalk found on his front door yesterday. This seems to be a question of running from, not for office.

"Railway accident this morning," said Blimpie, a suburban citizen, after he had returned to his business in town and met his wife at the station.

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; the train was on time both ways." —Washington Capital.

News comes from Bridgeport that P. T. Barnum is to build and run a big hotel on Long Island Sound. If "the greatest show on earth" is going to Europe Mr. Barnum isn't going to be forgotten here.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

The half-dozen men who formerly composed the union men who the Labor party have feathered their nests and quit, but the party still survives, and its representatives will be seen at the Republican and Democratic State conventions and will be just as aggressive as though they represented a hundred thousand instead of a half-dozen votes.

New York lawyers are anxious that the Judge of the Court of Appeals shall come from the metropolitan district. They will ask both parties to nominate such a man. Judges Baspal and Gray are the only New Yorkers who ever sat in the Court of last resort.

Special admission tickets with reserved seat coupons are a new innovation in political primaries. The Eighth Assembly District is accountable for many queer things in the political line.

The National Republican League of Defense has a grievance, but naturally is keeping very quiet about it. Some of its members have been refused employment in the Custom-House, and a manifesto against Collector Erhardt for his stand in the matter is being issued.

Billy Kenney will come about as near filling Tom Costigan's chair as I do Judge Norton's," said the man who looks like the new Supervisor of the City Record to-day. Judge Mitchell says that the contrast between Judge and chair is so great that it takes from his dignity.

One hundred and sixty-three new election districts have been added to the 850 of last year, making a grand total of 1,010 voting precincts in the city. The greatest increase is in the Harlem district with 24 new precincts, the Nineteenth Assembly District following with 21.

CALLING ON A SOCIAL QUEEN.

Very pretty knives and forks for dessert and fruit courses have handles of Cupid-queen ware. The blades of steel are finished with a gold plate warranted to last three years and which can be renewed at small cost. Individual butter-knives of this sort are very much used.

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OFF THE STAGE.

Miss Selina Peter is a Louisville girl, and it is in that city that she chose to make her home as a star in "The Tiger's," last season. Miss Peter is earnest and conscientious. The tiger dress that she bought for Mr. Morris's play was recently seen in the Madison Square Theatre.

Miss Ethel Greybrook and her husband, Henry Holland, live in a little flat in Thirtieth street. They were temporarily separated last season by the exigencies of their profession. This season they have secured an engagement in the same theatre, and are happy.

Miss Emily Seldene, who was at one time a leading comic opera light in England, has now turned her attention toward this country. Miss Seldene wears huge hoop earrings on all occasions. She is an inveterate shopaholic.

Miss Kate Claxton is an energetic little business woman. She is an indefatigable worker. Miss Claxton is very much liked among the members of her company. She is not at all strict at rehearsals. In fact she is extremely indulgent.

CLARA BELLE'S LETTER.

Some Interesting Facts About New York Society.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Big List of Invitations to Call.

A Call on a Social Queen and the Dowry of a Japanese Bride.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—M. VANASTORLT is engaged in revising her visiting list. She has not yet returned to town, but will be home by Oct. 1, and then it will be necessary to send out her cards for the Winter season. As she is a high-potentate in society it can be understood that her recognition or disregard means a great deal to those who desire to be counted in. Mme. Vanastorlt comprehends fully the importance of her work of annual revision of her list of acquaintances. All sorts of considerations must be measured for or against the candidates for her favor. She will probably keep so long a roster of those of the other Astor ladies, as well as of the Vanderbilts, ranging from a thousand down to as few as 500. To the great majority these "recognize" persons the honor comes as a matter of course, but there is in each list a minority of names belonging to families who are barely known in "society," according to the boundaries arbitrarily fixed. In the card-books of those households you may look confidently to see the cards of the Astors, the Vanderbilts and other magnates always lying conspicuously on top of all the other bits of card-board. The season of formal calls will begin just as soon as the swells return to their town residences, and from that time until the holidays no toilet, not even those worn at balls and the opera, will be finer in their way than the costumes worn in making the round of visits.

A GINGER VISITING CARD.

A visiting card which was given to me the other day, and which I shall keep as a curiosity, bears the neatly-engraved words: "Tennie C. Claffin, Ludlow Street Jail. Every afternoon after tea." Copies of this card were sent about fifteen years ago to most of the brokers of Wall street, to a number of leading Spiritualists and to a few fashionable families. Tennie C. Claffin and her sister, Victoria Woodhill, had then evidently themselves in a way to send them temporarily to prison, and it was to emphasize her disdain of bolts and bars that Tennie, the pretty one of the amiable sisters, sent these cards to her acquaintances. The one which has come into my hand was the particular card sent to the late Commodore Vanderbilt, who had befriended the Wall street firm of Woodhill & Claffin in their stock operations, and as he subsequently testified in court, had consulted them with considerable sympathy for spiritualistic mediums.

The Commodore lived then in Waverley place and had lately taken a second wife, an estimable lady of fine culture and sincere religion. The card came when the aged Commodore was at home, and although it was impudently addressed to Mrs. Vanderbilt it was delivered into his hands. A small poker party was in progress, for Vanderbilt did not abolish his favorite game of chance when his pious bride came into the household. The card was passed around, humorously commented on and then handed to Mrs. Vanderbilt, who threw it aside with contemptuous indifference.

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But the cocktail! She must have stimulants or she would go mad from thinking, to me the other day, and which I shall keep as a curiosity, bears the neatly-engraved words: "Tennie C. Claffin, Ludlow Street Jail. Every afternoon after tea." Copies of this card were sent about fifteen years ago to most of the brokers of Wall street, to a number of leading Spiritualists and to a few fashionable families. Tennie C. Claffin and her sister, Victoria Woodhill, had then evidently themselves in a way to send them temporarily to prison, and it was to emphasize her disdain of bolts and bars that Tennie, the pretty one of the amiable sisters, sent these cards to her acquaintances. The one which has come into my hand was the particular card sent to the late Commodore Vanderbilt, who had befriended the Wall street firm of Woodhill & Claffin in their stock operations, and as he subsequently testified in court, had consulted them with considerable sympathy for spiritualistic mediums.

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